

**MONDAY
EVENING
CONCERTS**

**TALEA ENSEMBLE:
VIENNA / NEW YORK / LOS ANGELES**

December 7, 2015 8:00pm
Zipper Hall at the Colburn School

MONDAY EVENING CONCERTS **DECEMBER 7, 2015**

Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951) - **Pierrot Lunaire, Op. 21** (1912)

Part One

- 1 *Mondestrunken*
- 2 *Columbine*
- 3 *Der Dandy*
- 4 *Eine blasse Wäscherin*
- 5 *Valse de Chopin*
- 6 *Madonna*
- 7 *Der kranke Mond*

Part Two

- 8 *Nacht (Passacaglia)*
- 9 *Gebet an Pierrot*
- 10 *Raub*
- 11 *Rote Messe*
- 12 *Galgenlied*
- 13 *Enthauptung*
- 14 *Die Kreuze*

Part Three

- 15 *Heimweh*
- 16 *Gemeinheit!*
- 17 *Parodie*
- 18 *Der Mondfleck*
- 19 *Serenade*
- 20 *Heimfahrt (Barcarole)*
- 21 *O Alter Duff*

Talea Ensemble

Tony Arnold, *reciter*
Barry Crawford, *flute*
Rane Moore, *clarinet*
Yuri Namkung, *violin/viola*
Chris Gross, *cello*
Stephen Gosling, *piano*
James Baker, *conductor*

intermission

Steven Kazuo Takasugi (b. 1960) – **Sideshow** (2009-2015) *West Coast Premiere*
for amplified octet and electronic playback in five movements
Written for Alex Lipowski and the Talea Ensemble
Text: Karl Kraus
56'50"

Part I: "The Destinies of Hallucinations"

Movement I: "The Man Who Couldn't Stop Laughing"

Movement II: "Sodom by the Sea" or "Mildew of an Inner Room of the Eternal Return of the Same"

Part II: "Hard Times and a Happy Ending" or "A Laboratory for Self-Destruction"

Movement III: "Electrocuting an Elephant"

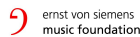
Movement IV: "A Surgical Procedure: The Human Fish"

Movement V: "Mourning Glory" and "Parade Clothes"

Talea Ensemble

Barry Crawford, *flute*
Rane Moore, *clarinet*
Ryan Muncy, *saxophone*
Yuki Numata Resnick, *violin*
Elizabeth Weisser, *viola*
Chris Gross, *cello*
Stephen Gosling, *piano*
Alex Lipowski, *percussion, vocals*
David Adamcyk, *electronics*

Sideshow was commissioned by the Bludener Tage zeitgemäßer Musik and sponsored through the Ernst von Siemens Music Foundation.



Talea is a 501(c)3 non-profit organization. Talea's 2015-16 season is supported, in part, by public funds from the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs in partnership with the City Council, and in part by Ernst von Siemens Musikstiftung, New Music USA's Cary New Music Performance Fund, Harry and Alice Eiler Foundation, Alice M. Ditson Fund, Fritz Reiner Center for Contemporary Music, Amphion Foundation, and private donations. Talea's 2015-16 season also is made possible by the New York State Council on the Arts with support of Governor Andrew Cuomo and the New York State Legislature.

PROGRAM NOTES

Crossings

Born in Vienna, Arnold Schoenberg traveled west to New York and on to find his eventual home in Los Angeles.

Born in Los Angeles, Steven Kazuo Takasugi has traveled east to find spiritual homes, or at least temporary locations, in various places, including New York and Vienna.

Created in Vienna, *Pierrot* made his U.S. debut in New York and was first recorded, his creator conducting, in Los Angeles.

Arriving now in Los Angeles, Takasugi's characters came from New York, gaining on the way commentary from Karl Kraus, in Vienna.

CABARET / KAMMERMUSIK / CONEY ISLAND SUNG / SPOKEN / PLAYED / RELAYED

Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951) *Pierrot lunaire*, Op. 21

Schoenberg's composing life swerved between intensity and inaction. His first atonal works—songs, orchestral pieces, a one-act opera—came at a rush in 1908-9, releasing pressure that had been building up during the decade since his string sextet *Verklärte Nacht*. During the next two years he completed only six little piano pieces and a tiny song. *Pierrot lunaire*, a half-hour work he then composed between March and July 1912, moves back towards normality, in that it restores past musical procedures—especially contrapuntal procedures, such as passacaglia and canon, but also tonal harmony near the end. However, when the abnormal has become the norm, normality itself is strange.

In venturing into atonality Schoenberg had gone beyond every boundary previously placed on music, including limits of rhythm, timbre, texture and form, as well as harmony. Nothing now could be taken for granted; any rule would have to be suspect; and *Pierrot*, in re-establishing rules, cannot hope to re-establish full trust. Hence its nature as masquerade, *Pierrot* being the melancholy outsider of the commedia dell'arte ("from Bergamo"), a character whose Russian cousin Petrushka had been the central figure of Stravinsky's ballet composed the year before. The passions that *Pierrot* claims for himself—sexual longing, unmotivated violence, blasphemy—are fully backed by the expressionist music, especially in the second of the three equal parts into which the composer divided the succession of twenty-one numbers; Otto Erich Hartleben had provided preparation in his fierce translations of the poems by the Belgian writer Albert Giraud (poems one might imagine Debussy having set). At the same time, though, we are left unsure how much of *Pierrot*'s confession is fantasy—how much he is trying to shock, scandalize or entertain us, how much he has lost grip on reality.

This can happen because *Pierrot*, when faced with two alternatives, generally chooses both. The cycle is a drama (Albertine Zehme, who commissioned it, was an actress and gave the first performance in costume) and at the same time a concert work. Its five-piece ensemble, used in a new combination in every number, is at once a miniature orchestra and a chamber group. It is high art and it is cabaret (of which Schoenberg had gained practical experience in Berlin ten years earlier). It uses a kind of vocalization intermediate between speaking and singing, Schoenberg's term for this being *Sprechstimme* (speaking voice), though the technique is more often called *Sprechgesang* (speech-song). The vocalist is sometimes identified with *Pierrot*, sometimes not, describing him as another person. The central character is an artist, who refers to "my verses", which would imply he is his own invention—as perhaps any artist's creative persona is. Often the expression is violent, and yet Schoenberg himself called the work's tone "light, ironic, satirical". And *Pierrot* himself is, like any clown, at once a tragic hero and a fool, eliciting sympathy and mockery together.

Schoenberg made his own selection from the fifty poems in Giraud-Hartleben, all of them rondels, which is to say that the opening couplet in every case comes back at the close of the second verse, with the opening line repeated again at the very end. This highly structured form provides yet another layer of doubleness in its contrast with the poems' seeming intensity and immediacy. An idea that comes across first as weird, psychotic or grotesque becomes, through its repetitions, a kind of memento, or a verbal tic. We end, each time, where we started, but the place is very different.

This simultaneous inevitability and impossibility of return is written into the musical language and also into the form Schoenberg gave the whole piece, with the third set of seven poems addressing subjects of homesickness, also of "pastsickness", of longing for former times. But *Pierrot* has experienced or imagined extremes of behavior and nightmare visions that make any restoration impossible. Home is now as irretrievable as the past. He cannot get there again, and nor can we. This may be cause for pessimism, but there is also in the work a wild humor.

Pierrot lunaire was first performed in Berlin in October 1912, by Zehme and an ensemble directed by the composer, who took it on tour soon after. It caused understandable consternation among some, but was in Schoenberg's terms a hit, becoming the work by which he was best known (as perhaps it still is). Composers as different as Stravinsky (who called it the "solar plexus" of twentieth-century music), Ravel and Webern all learned from it, as later did Boulez. Later still, in the 1960s and 1970s, its ensemble of two woodwind players (flautist and clarinetist), two strings (violinist and cellist) and piano became a standard formation, with or without the addition of a percussionist, engaging composers from Elliott Carter to Peter Maxwell Davies. And its progeny continues to grow.

It remains, too, in itself an enduring puzzle, posing questions as to how it should be performed (how much spoken and how much sung; how much dramatized) and drawing us into labyrinthine questions about identity. We can understand *Pierrot* as a speaking-singing mouthpiece for the artist: a performer (and creative artists also perform, on paper or at the canvas) who has to lose control in order to gain it, and who is expected to confess, intimately, in public. But *Pierrot* is also a mirror for us all—a distorting mirror, no doubt, but a reflection that exaggerates in order to put forward some powerful truths about those elusive beings we think we know as our selves.

For Schoenberg, however, this was another end. He fell silent again, until his development of serialism enabled him, after 1920, to continue under the sign of *Pierrot*'s reordered disorder, its crystalline derangement.

Steven Kazuo Takasugi (b. 1960) Sideshow [NOTE FROM COMPOSER ON PROGRAM INSERT]

Program notes © Paul Griffiths. Paul Griffiths is an acclaimed writer on contemporary and classical music whose books include *A Concise History of Western Music* and *The Penguin Companion to Classical Music*. He is also known as a librettist (Elliott Carter's *What Next?*) and novelist. In 2002, Griffiths was honored by the French government as a Chevalier de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres.

BIOGRAPHIES

"Soprano **TONY ARNOLD** is a luminary in the world of chamber music and art song. Today's classical composers are inspired by her inherently beautiful voice, consummate musicianship, and embracing spirit" (*Huffington Post*). Hailed by the *New York Times* as "a bold, powerful interpreter," she is recognized internationally as a leading proponent of new music in concert and recording, having premiered over 200 works "with a musicality and virtuosity that have made her the Cathy Berberian of her generation" (*Chicago Tribune*). Since becoming the first-prize laureate of both the 2001 Gaudeamus International Competition (NL) and the 2001 Louise D. McMahon Competition (USA), Tony Arnold has collaborated with the most cutting-edge composers and instrumentalists on the world stage, and shares with the audience her "broader gift for conveying the poetry and nuance behind outwardly daunting contemporary scores" (*Boston Globe*). "Simply put, she is a rock-star in this genre" (*Sequenza 21*).

Soprano of the International Contemporary Ensemble (ICE), Arnold has been a catalyst for numerous groundbreaking projects, including David Lang's *Whisper Opera*. She regularly appears with leading new music groups and festivals such as Ensemble Modern, Chicago Symphony Orchestra Music Now, Los Angeles Philharmonic Green Umbrella, JACK Quartet, Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival, and Darmstadt, among others. She works closely with the most celebrated composers of our day, including Crumb, Furrer, Kurtág, Aperghis, Birtwistle. With more than two-dozen discs to her credit, she has recorded a broad segment of the modern vocal repertory with esteemed chamber music colleagues. Her recording of George Crumb's iconic *Ancient Voices of Children* (Bridge) was nominated for a 2006 Grammy Award.

Arnold is the recipient of the 2015-16 Brandeis Creative Arts Award, and will be in residence at the University to lead a year-long conversation about voice and identity. She is also the 2015-16 Kunkemueller Artist-in-Residence at the Boston Conservatory. Arnold is deeply invested in the education of next-generation composers and performers. Previously she taught at the Eastman School of Music and SUNY at Buffalo. She is a graduate of Oberlin College and Northwestern University, and counts among her mentors sopranos Carmen Mehta and Carol Webber, conductors Robert Spano and Victor Yampolsky, and composer György Kurtág.

Conductor **JAMES BAKER** is Principal Percussionist of the New York City Ballet Orchestra, Music Director and conductor of the Composers Conference at Wellesley College, and Director of the Percussion Ensemble at the Mannes College of Music. He is Guest Conductor of the Slee Sinfonietta at the Institute for 21st Century Music in Buffalo and the principal conductor of the Talea Ensemble. He has led concerts across North America, Europe, and Asia at festivals including the Beijing Modern Festival, Monday Evening Concerts, U.S. Library of Congress, Internationales Musikinstitut Darmstadt, Wien Modern, and the TRANSIT Festival. He has collaborated with composers on hundreds of world and American premieres including John Cage, Pierre Boulez, Earl Brown, Charles Wuorinen, Mario Davidovsky, Hans Werner Henze, Roger Reynolds, Hans Abrahamsen, Milton Babbitt,

Donald Martino, Elliott Carter, Stefano Gervasoni, David Felder, George Crumb, Beat Furrer, Olga Neuwirth, and Georges Aperghis. An active composer of electroacoustic music, Mr. Baker has won a Bessie award for composition for dance. He has written extensively for the theater and for various ensembles with electronics and has written a number of pieces for long time collaborator, choreographer Tere O'Connor. Recent commissions include the Opera Ballet de Lyon, BAM Next Wave, The Dublin Dance Festival, and the Abbey Theater in Dublin.

STEVEN KAZUO TAKASUGI, born 1960 in Los Angeles, is a composer of electro-acoustic music. This involves the collecting and archiving of recorded, acoustic sound samples into large databases, each classifying thousands of individual, performed instances collected over decades of experimentation and research, mostly conducted in his private sound laboratory. These are then subjected to computer-assisted, algorithmic composition, revised and adjusted until the resulting emergent sound phenomena, energies, and relationships reveal hidden meanings and contexts to the composer. Against this general project of fixed-media is the addition of live performers, described as an accompanying project: "When people return..." This relationship often creates a "strange doubling" playing off the "who is doing what?" inherent with simultaneous live and recorded media: a ventriloquism effect of sorts.

Takasugi received his doctoral in music composition at the University of California, San Diego. He is currently an Associate of the Harvard Music Department and Managing Director of its Summer Composition Institute. He is the Riemen and Bakatel Fellow for Music at the Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study at Harvard University, and is the recipient of awards including a John Simon Guggenheim Fellowship, two Ernst von Siemens Foundation Commissions, and a Japan Foundation Artist Residency. His work has been performed extensively worldwide. Takasugi is also a renowned teacher of composition associated with master classes in Singapore, Stuttgart, Tel Aviv, Darmstadt, and Cambridge, Massachusetts. He has taught at the University of California, San Diego, Harvard University, California Institute for the Arts, and the Kunitachi College of Music in Tokyo. Takasugi is also an extensive essayist on music and was one of the founding editors of Search Journal for New Music and Culture. He has organized numerous discussion panels and fora on New Music including colloquia and conferences at Harvard Music and the Darmstadt Forum.

TALEA ENSEMBLE has been labeled "...a crucial part of the New York cultural ecosphere" by the New York Times. Recipient of the 2013 CMA/ASCAP Award for Adventurous Programming, the ensemble has given many important world and US premieres of new works by composers including Pierre Boulez, Tristan Murail, Olga Neuwirth, John Zorn, Unsuk Chin, Rand Steiger, Beat Furrer, and Fausto Romitelli. Talea has performed at Lincoln Center Festival, Internationales Musikinstitut Darmstadt, Wien Modern, Contempuls, Newport Jazz Festival, La Ciudad de las Ideas (Mexico), Art Summit Indonesia (Jakarta), and the International Contemporary Music Festival (Peru). Radio broadcasts of performances have been heard on ORF (Austria), HRF (Germany), and WQXR's Q2. As an active collaborator in new music Talea has joined forces with the Austrian Cultural Forum, Consulate General of Denmark, Korean Cultural Service NY, Italian Cultural Institute, and the Ukrainian Institute. Assuming an ongoing role in supporting and collaborating with student composers, Talea has served as ensemble in residence at Harvard University, Columbia University, Stanford University, Ithaca College, Cornell University, and New York University. Talea has recorded works on the Living Artists Label, Gravina Musica, Tzadik, Innova, and New World Records. Recently commissioned composers include Anthony Cheung, Oscar Bettison, and Georges Aperghis.

TEXT: PIERROT LUNAIRE

1. Mondestrunken

Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,
Gießt Nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder,
Und eine Springflut überschwemmt
Den stillen Horizont.

Gelüste schauerlich und süß,
Durchschwimmen ohne Zahl die Fluten!
Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,
Gießt Nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder.

Der Dichter, den die Andacht treibt,
Berauscht sich an dem heiligen Tranke,
Gen Himmel wendet er verzückt
Das Haupt und taumelnd saugt und schlürft er
Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt.

1. Moonstruck

The wine that one drinks with the eyes
The moon spills nightly into the waves,
And a spring-flood overflows
The silent horizon.

Countless desires, visible and sweet
Swim across the flood.
The wine that one drinks with the eyes
The moon spills nightly into the waves.

The poet, who practices devotion,
Inebriates himself on the holy drink,
He turns his face the sky, ecstatic
And reeling, sucks and slurps
The wine, that one drinks with the eyes.

2. Colombine

Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,
Die weißen Wunderrosen,
Blühn in den Julinachten -
O bräch' ich eine nur!

Mein banges Leid zu lindern,
Such ich am dunklen Strome
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,
Die weißen Wunderrosen.

Gestillt war all mein Sehnen,
Dürft ich so märchenheimlich,
So selig leis - entblättern
Auf deine braunen Haare
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten!

3. Der Dandy

Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallinen Flacons
Auf dem schwarzen, hochheiligen Waschtisch
Des schweigenden Dandys von Bergamo.

In tönender, bronzener Schale
Lacht hell die Fontaine, metallischen Klangs.
Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallinen Flacons.

Pierrot mit dem wächsernen Antlitz
Steht sinnend und denkt:
Wie er heute sich schminkt?
Fort schiebt er das Rot und das Orients Grün
Und bemalt sein Gesicht in erhabenem Stil
Mit einem phantastischen Mondstrahl!

4. Eine blasse Wäscherin

Eine blasse Wäscherin
Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher;
Nackte, silberweiße Arme
Streckt sie nieder in die Flut.

Durch die Lichtung schleichen Winde,
Leis bewegen sie den Strom.
Eine blasse Wäscherin
Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher.

Und die sanfte Magd des Himmels,
Von den Zweigen zart umschmeichelt,
Breitet auf die dunklen Wiesen
ihre lichtgewobnen Linnen -
Eine blasse Wäscherin.

5. Valse de Chopin

Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken
Also ruht auf diesen Tönen
Ein vernichtungssüchtger Reiz.

Wilder Lust Accorde stören
Der Verzweiflung eisgen Traum
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken

2. Columbine

Moonlight's pale blossoms,
The white wonder-roses,
Bloom in the July evenings -
O I'd pluck just one!

To ease my anxious suffering,
I search along dark streams
Moonlight's pale blossoms,
The white wonder-roses.

All my longings would be stilled,
If I might, as in a secret fable,
Blissfully softly - strew petals
Onto your brown hair, from
The moonlight's pale blossoms.

3. The Dandy

With one fantastical light beam
The moon lights up the crystalline flask
On the black, highly sacred washstand
Of the taciturn dandy from Bergamo

In the resonant bronze basin
The fountain laughs a bright metallic cry.
With one fantastical light beam
The moon lights up the crystalline flask.

Pierrot with his waxen complexion
Stands musing and thinks:
What makeup for today?
Shoving aside the rouge and the Orient green
He paints his face in a high noble style -
With one fantastical moonbeam!

4. A Faded Laundress

A pallid laundrymaid
Washes faded linen at nighttime;
Naked, silver white arms
Stretching down into the flood.

Through the clearing gentle breezes
Lightly ruffle up the stream.
A pallid laundrymaid
Washes faded linen at nighttime.

And the tender maid of heaven
By the branches softly fondled
Spreads out across the dark meadows
Her linen woven of moonbeams -
A pallid laundrymaid...

5. Chopin Waltz

Like a pallid drop of blood
Stains the lips of a consumptive,
So there lurks in this music
A morbid, soul-destructive charm.

Wild accords of passion
Breaking despair's glacial dream,
Like a pallid drop of blood
Stains the lips of a consumptive.

Heiß und jauchzend, süß und schmachkend,
Melancholisch düstrer Walzer,
Kommst mir nimmer aus den Sinnen!
Haffest mir an den Gedanken,
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts!

6. Madonna

Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen,
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!
Blut aus deinen magren Brüsten
Hat des Schwertes Wut vergossen.

Deine ewig frischen Wunden
Gleichen Augen, rot und offen.
Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen,
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!

In den abgezehrten Händen
Hältst du deines Sohnes Leiche.
Ihn zu zeigen aller Menschheit -
Doch der Blick der Menschen meidet
Dich, o Mutter aller Schmerzen!

7. Der kranke Monday

Du nächtig todeskranker Mond
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl,
Dein Blick, so fiebernd übergroß,
Bannst mich wie fremde Melodie.

An unstillbarem Liebesleid
Stirbst du, an Sehnsucht, tief erstickt,
Du nächtig todeskranker Mond
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl.

Den Liebsten, der im Sinnenrausch
Gedankenlos zur Liebsten schleicht,
Belustigt deiner Strahlen Spiel -
Dein bleiches, qualgebornes Blut,
Du nächtig todeskranker Mond.

8. Nacht (Passacaglia)

Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalte
Töteten der Sonne Glanz.
Ein geschlossnes Zauberbuch,
Ruht der Horizont - verschwiegen.

Aus dem Qualm verlornen Tiefen
Steigt ein Duft, Erinnerung mordend!
Finstre, schwarze Reisenfalter
Töteten der Sonne Glanz.

Und vom Himmel erdenwärts
Senken sich mit schweren Schwingen
Unsichtbar die Ungetume
Auf die Menschenherzen nieder...
Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter.

9. Gebet an Pierrot

Pierrot! Mein Lachen
Hab ich verlernt!
Das Bild des Glanzes
Zerfloß - Zerfloß!

Hot and triumphant, sweet and tasty
Melancholy somber waltzing,
You will never leave my senses!
Cling to each thought as I think it,
Like a pallid drop of blood.

6. Madonna

Rise, o Mother of all sorrows
On the altar of my verses!
Blood pours forth from your withered bosom
Where the cruel sword has pierced it.

Your eternally fresh wounds
Resemble eyes, red and open.
Rise, o Mother of all sorrows
On the altar of my verses!

In the emaciated hands
Holding your Son's holy corpse,
Thou revealst Him to all mankind--
But the eyes of men are turned away,
O Mother of all sorrows.

7. The sick moon

You nocturnal death-sick moon
Lying on heaven's black pillow.
Your gaze, wide-eyed and feverish
Enchants me like a far-off melody.

Of unappeasable pain of love
You die, of yearning, buried deep,
You nocturnal death-sick moon
Lying on heaven's black pillow

The lover, with his heart aflame,
Heedless goes to meet his beloved,
Is amused by your beams' play -
Your pale blood wrung from torment,
You nocturnal death-sick moon.

8. Night

Giant black moths
Have blotted out the shining sun.
Like a sealed book of spells,
The horizon sleeps in silence.

From the murky depths forgotten
Vapors rise, to murder memory!
Giant black moths
Have blotted out the shining sun.

And from the sky earthwards
Sinking down on heavy wings
Unseen the monsters glide down
Into the hearts of men below...
Giant black moths.

9. Prayer to Pierrot

Pierrot! My laughter
I have forgotten!
The dream of radiance
Dispersed - dispersed!

Schwarz weht die Flagge
Mir nun vom Mast.
Pierrot! Mein Lachen
Hab ich verlernt!

O gieb mir wieder,
Roßarzt der Seele,
Schneemann der Lyrik,
Durchlaucht vom Monde,
Pierrot - mein Lachen!

10. Raub

Rote, fürstliche Rubine,
Blutige Tropfen alten Ruhmes,
Schlummern in den Totenschreinen,
Drunten in den Grabgewölben.

Nachts, mit seinen Zechkumpanen,
Steigt Pierrot hinab - zu rauben
Rote, fürstliche Rubine,
Blutige Tropfen alten Ruhmes.

Doch da - strauben sich die Haare,
Bleiche Furcht bannst sie am Platze:
Durch die Finsternis - wie Augen! -
Stieren aus den Totenschreinen
Rote, fürstliche Rubine.

11. Rote Messe

Zu grausem Abendmahle,
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes,
Beim Flackerschein der Kerzen,
Naht dem Altar - Pierrot!

Die Hand, die gottgeweihte,
Zerreißt die Priesterkleider
Zu grausem Abendmahle,
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes

Mit segnender Geberde
Zeigt er den bangen Seelen
Die tiefend rote Hostie:
Sein Herz - in blutigen Fingern -
Zu grausem Abendmahle!

12. Galgenlied

Die dürre Dirne
Mit langem Halse
Wird seine letzte
Geliebte sein.

In seinem Hirne
Steckt wie ein Nagel
Die dürre Dirne
Mit langem Halse.

Schlank wie die Pinie,
Am Hals ein Zöpfchen -
Wollüstig wird sie
Den Schelm umhalsen,
Die dürre Dirne!

The flag waves black
At me now from the mast.
Pierrot! My laughter
I have forgotten!

O now return to me,
Veterinarian of the soul,
Snowman of Lyric,
Your Lunar Highness,
Pierrot - my laughter!

10. Theft

Red, gleaming princely rubies,
Bloody drops of ancient glory,
Slumber in the dead men's caskets,
Buried in the vaults below.

At night, with his cronies,
Pierrot descends - to plunder
Red, gleaming princely rubies,
Bloody drops of ancient glory.

Then suddenly they're rooted,
Scared to death, hair standing up on end:
Through the darkness, like eyes
Staring from the dead men's caskets -
Red, princely rubies.

11. Red Mass

For a gruesome grim communion,
By the blinding gleam of gold,
By flickering candlelight
Pierrot nears the altar.

His hand, devoted to God,
Rips open the priestly vestments
At gruesome grim communion
By the blinding gleam of gold.

He makes the sign of the cross
Blessing the trembling, anxious souls
With a dripping crimson wafer:
His heart, in his bloody fingers,
For gruesome grim communion.

12. Gallows Song

The withered whore
With the scrawny neck
Will be his last
Mistress.

And in his skull
She'll stick like a needle,
That withered whore
With the scrawny neck.

Slim as a pine tree,
A pigtail lies on her nape -
Lustfully she'll bind it
Around his neck,
That withered whore!

13. Enthauptung

Der Mond, ein blankes Türkenschwert
Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen,
Gespenstisch groß - dräut er hinab
Durch schmerzendunkle Nacht.

Pierrot irrt ohne Rast umher
Und starrt empor in Todesängsten
Zum Mond, dem blanken Türkenschwert
Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen.

Es schlottern unter ihm die Knie,
Ohnmächtig bricht er jäh zusammen.
Er wähnt: es sause strafend schon
Auf seinen Sünderhals hernieder
Der Mond, das blanke Türkenschwert.

14. Die Kreuze

Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse,
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten,
Blindgeschlagen von der Geier
Flatterndem Gespensterschwarme!

In den Leibern schwelgten Schwerter,
Prunkend in des Blutes Scharlach!
Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse,
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten.

Tot das Haupt - erstarrt die Locken -
Fern, verweht der Lärm des Pöbels.
Langsam sinkt die Sonne nieder,
Eine rote Königskrone. -
Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse!

15. Heimweh

Lieulich klagend - ein krystallnes Seufzen
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime,
Klingts herüber: wie Pierrot so holzern,
So modern sentimental geworden

Und es tönt durch seines Herzens Wüste,
Tönt gedämpft durch alle Sinne wieder,
Lieulich klagend - ein krystallnes Seufzen
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime.

Da vergißt Pierrot die Trauermienen!
Durch den bleichen Feuerschein des Mondes,
Durch des Lichtmeers Fluten
Schweift die Sehnsucht
Kühn hinauf, empor zum Heimathimmel
Lieulich klagend - ein krystallnes Seufzen!

16. Gemeinheit!

In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzertert,
Bohrt Pierrot mit Heuchlermienen,
Zärtlich - einen Schädelbohrer!

Darauf stopft er mit dem Daumen
Seinen echten türkischen Taback
In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzertert!

13. Beheading

The moon, a shining Turkish sword
On a black silk cushion,
Ghastly huge - it slices down
Through the pained dark night.

Pierrot restlessly stumbles about
And stares up in deathly fear
At the moon, a shining Turkish sword
On a black silk cushion.

And shaking, quaking at the knees,
Suddenly he faints, collapses,
Convinced he hears, whizzing down
To slice his sinner's neck,
The moon, that shining Turkish sword.

14. The Crosses

Holy crosses are the verses
Whereupon poets bleed in silence,
Stricken blind by a flock of vultures
Fluttering around in spectral swarms.

Swords gorged upon corpses,
Glorying in their robes of scarlet!
Holy crosses are the verses
Whereupon poets bleed in silence.

Dead, the head - matted the tresses -
Far and faint the noisy people.
Slowly the sun sinks in splendor,
Like a crimson kingly crown.
Holy crosses are the verses!

15. Homesickness

Sweet lamenting, like a crystal sighing,
Rises from the old Italian pantomime,
Sadly asking: how has Pierrot become so
Wooden, so modernly sentimental?

And it echoes through his heart's desert,
Echoes mutedly through all his senses,
Sweet lamenting, like a crystal sighing
Rising from the old Italian pantomime.

Then Pierrot forgets his tragic mien!
By the moon's silver fiery glow,
Through a flood of radiance
His yearning swells,
Boldly soaring upwards, to the home sky
Sweet lamenting, like a crystal sighing.

16. Mean Trick!

Into the polished skull of Cassander,
Whose cries shriek through the air,
Pierrot, the hypocrite, bores -
Tenderly -with a trephine!

Then he presses with his thumbs
His genuine Turkish tobacco
Into Cassander's polished skull
While his cries shriek through the air!

Dann dreht er ein Rohr von Weichsel
Hinten in die glatte Glatze
Und behäbig schmaucht und pafft er
Seinen echten türkischen Taback
Aus dem blanken Kopf Cassanders!

17. Parodie

Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend,
In ihrem grauen Haar,
Sitzt die Duenna murmelnd,
Im roten Röckchen da.

Sie wartet in der Laube,
Sie liebt Pierrot mit Schmerzen,
Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend,
In ihrem grauen Haar.

Da plötzlich - horch! - ein Wispern!
Ein Windhauch kichert leise:
Der Mond, der böse Spötter,
Äffft nach mit seinen Strahlen -
Stricknadeln, blink und blank.

18. Der Mondfleck

Einen weißen Fleck des hellen Mondes
Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen Rockes,
So spaziert Pierrot im lauen Abend,
Aufzusuchen Glück und Abenteuer.

Plötzlich stört ihn was an seinem Anzug,
Er beschaut sich rings und findet richtig -
Einen weißen Fleck des hellen Mondes
Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen Rockes.

Warte! denkt er: das ist so ein Gipsleck!
Wischt und wischt, doch - bringt ihn nicht herunter!
Und so geht er, giftgeschwollen, weiter,
Reibt und reibt bis an den frühen Morgen -
Einen weißen Fleck des hellen Mondes.

19. Serenade

Mit groteskem Riesenbogen
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche,
Wie der Storch auf einem Beine,
Knipst er trüb ein Pizzicato.

Plötzlich naht Cassander - wütend
Ob des nächtigen Virtuosen -
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche.

Von sich wirft er jetzt die Bratsche:
Mit der delikaten Linken
Faßt den Kahlkopf er am Kragen -
Träumend spielt er auf der Glatze
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen.

20. Heimfahrt

Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,
Seerose dient als Boot;
Drauf fährt Pierrot gen Süden
Mit gutem Reisewind.

Then screwing perfumed cherry pipestem
Firmly into the glossy bald-spot,
He comfortably smokes and puffs away
At his genuine Turkish tobacco
From Cassander's polished skull.

17. Parody

Knitting needles, bright and gleaming
Stuck in her gray hair,
The Duenna sits muttering
Wearing a short red dress.

She's waiting in the arbor;
She loves Pierrot with anguish,
Knitting needles, bright and gleaming
Stuck in her gray hair.

The suddenly - hark! - a whisper!
A wind puff giggles softly:
The moon, that nasty mocker
Apes her with his rays -
Knitting needles, bright and gleaming.

18. The Moonspot

With a white spot from the bright moon
On the back of his black coat,
So Pierrot walks into the mild evening
Searching for fortune and adventure.

Instantly he's troubled by something on his suit,
He looks himself over and finds sure enough--
One white spot from the bright moon
On the back of his black coat.

Wait! he thinks: that's a speckle of plaster!
Wipes and wipes, but he can't get it out!
So on he goes, his pleasure has been poisoned,
Rubs and rubs until the early morning -
That one white spot from the bright moon.

19. Serenade

With a grotesque giant bow
Pierrot scrapes on his viola.
Like a stork standing on one leg,
He sadly plucks a pizzicato.

Suddenly here comes Cassander in a frenzy,
Raging at the nocturnal virtuoso -
With a grotesque giant bow
Pierrot scrapes on his viola.

Then he throws aside the viola:
With his delicate left hand
He grasps Cassander by the collar -
Dreaming, he plays upon his bald head
With a grotesque giant bow.

20. Journey Home

A moonbeam is the rudder,
A water lily serves as the boat:
So Pierrot sails toward the south
With a fair wind for his passage.

Der Strom summt tiefe Skalen
Und wiegt den leichten Kahn.
Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,
Seerose dient als Boot.

Nach Bergamo, zur Heimat,
Kehrt nun Pierrot zurück;
Schwach dämmert schon im Osten
Der grüne Horizont.
- Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder.

21. O alter Duft

O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,
Berauschest wieder meine Sinne;
Ein närrisch Heer von Schelmerein
Durchschwirrt die leichte Luft.

Ein glücklich Wünnen macht mich froh
Nach Freuden, die ich lang verachtet:
O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,
Berauschest wieder mich!

All meinen Unmut gab ich preis;
Aus meinem sonnumrahmten Fenster
Beschau ich frei die liebe Welt
Und träum hinaus in selge Weiten . . .
O alter Duft - aus Märchenzeit!

The stream hums deep scales
And rocks the fragile craft.
A moonbeam is the rudder,
A water lily serves as the boat.

To Bergamo, his homeland,
Pierrot returns at last;
Glimmering softly to the east
Lies the green horizon.
- A moonbeam is the rudder.

21. O ancient Perfume

O ancient perfume from fabled times,
Ravish once again my senses!
A merry troupe of roguish pranks
Pervades the gentle air.

With cheerful longing I return
To these joys I've too long neglected:
O ancient perfume from fabled times
Ravish me once again.

All of my gloom I set aside,
And from my sun-framed window
I see the clear and lovely world
And dream beyond into the blissful distance . . .
O ancient perfume - from fabled times!

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